4d.

THE Duke of Marlborough's ARRIVAL. A POEM.

Humbly Inſcribed

To the Right Honourable

LIONEL,

Earl of *Dorſet* and *Middleſex*, &c.

Carmina tum meliùs, cum venerit ipſe, canemus.
Vir. Ecl. 9.

LONDON

Printed for *J. Gouge*, at the *Caſtle* in *Weſtminſter-Hall*; and are to be Sold by *A. Baldwin* in *Warwick-lane*. 1709.

28. April

POEMS

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

BY THE

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

LIFE

To the Right Honourable

LIONEL,

Earl of *Dorſet* and *Middleſex*,

Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, *&c.*

My Lord,

YOUR Family and the Muſes have been ſuch inſeparable Friends, and ſo compleatly Happy in each other, that I am ſure the World will admire my Policy, if Your Lordſhip will forgive my Boldneſs, in preſuming to offer this Inconſiderable Trifle to Your Protection. It was the Honour I had once of being known to your Lordſhip, which put me in mind of this Deſign; the favourable Reception you oblig'd me with, which encouraged me to it; and that Innate Goodneſs, that is Hereditary to your Family, and improv'd in your Perſon, which confirm'd me in the Reſolution.

As no Panegyrick is wanting to your Lordſhip, ſo you need not be apprehenſive of any on this Occaſion; your Modeſty is too great to affect one; my Capacity is too narrow to deſign it; and I had rather be juſt to one good Quality, than do Injuſtice to many.

Your Lordſhip's early Acceſs to the Helm of Government; Your Succeſſion to the Honourable Employment and Dignity of a Prince (whoſe Loſs is only to be allay'd by the juſt Expectations we entertain of your Lordſhip) together with the Eſteem

the more Judicious bear to you, sufficiently testifie to the World that the Soul as well as Name of a BUCKHURST *is reserv'd to grace and be Instrumental to the Good of this Age and Nation. I may justly therefore conclude, that to have regard to your Modesty, and oblige your Patience, will be more acceptable than to harangue your other Virtues.*

It is easie to imagine what gives Rise to the Uncommon Zeal I shew, in aspiring to your Lordship's Patronage; we have seen what the Force and Influence of a DORSET *could produce: to this Name 'tis we owe that Ornament of Verse and Pride of Poetry, the incomparable* PRIOR, *who writes what none but He could excel, under whose Encouragement he grew and flourished.*

MY LORD, *I have only to add, that I am no less studious of your Favours than tender of Importuning you; being sensible that the more time I take in pursuing them the less I shall deserve them; that the more I detain you the less I must please you; I leave your Lordship to your more important Affairs, in hopes you will permit me the Honour, I most earnestly desire, of being esteem'd,*

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's most Obedient, and

Devoted Humble Servant.

LEONARD WELSTED.

The DUKE of
MARLBOROUGH's
ARRIVAL.

SOON as Bleak Northern Winds had froze the Air,
And made the *Britiſh* Hero ceaſe from War,
Holland, the VICTOR to detain, prepares
Imagin'd Dangers and diſſembled Fears;
Levies new Force for *France*, preſenting ſtill
BOURBON in perſon at the Gates of *Lille*.
But when no Arts the Warriour could delay,
Repining *Britain* murm'ring at his Stay,

With Zealous Prayers She bleſs'd the parting Prince,
But curs'd the haſty Winds that bore him thence.
Her every Fear reviv'd, Her Pleaſures fled,
And thus Lamenting, with Regret, She ſaid;

Haſte Thee, Victorious, *thy* Compeers *to greet,*
And lay thy Freſheſt Wreaths at ANNA's *feet;*
Haſte Thee to Chear, to Glad thy Native Iſle,
To make the Courtier and the Peaſant ſmile.
Arrive ſo ſwiftly, and Return ſo ſoon,
That the Short Interval may ſcarce be known.
When Flying Fame ſhall thy Departure tell,
How will Proud VENDOSME *ſtrutt, and* BOUFFLERS *ſwell?*
Perhaps the Hot Bavarian, *whom Defeat*
Has rendred Famous, and Misfortunes Great,
May ſteal to Bruſſels *Gates, and fondly ſay,*
Tho' Rivers can't Retard, yet Oceans may.
Remember that on Thee my Martial Power,
(Since AUVERQUERQUE *and* ORANGE *are no more)*
On Thee my Honour and my Wealth depend,
The Ableſt Captain, and the Worthieſt Friend.

She ſpake; and from the Shore, with Grief, ſurveys
The Nimble Veſſel traverſing the Seas.
Mean time the *Nereids* left their Humid Cells,
The buſie *Tritons* tun'd their Vocal Shells,
And ſung in Various, but Eternal Strains,
Hochſted, the *Danube*, and *Ramillia*'s Plains.
Some did the Fate of *Audenarde* recite,
And mark'd with Infamy that Envious Night,
Whoſe Sable Shades, to cover *Gallia*'s Shame,
Clouded the Warriour, and Eclips'd his Fame.
Some ſought him yet a more Majeſtick Crown,
And ſung the Labours of that Wealthy Town,
Whoſe Dubious Fate kept *Europe* in ſuſpenſe,
And whoſe Reduction ſpoke the Fall of *France*.
Each Prince, each State, the great Event purſues,
With differing Intereſts, and with ſeparate Views.
Revolving much, their ſtudious Thoughts they caſt
Upon the various Turns of Ages paſt.
Each Potentate ſome cloſe Reſemblance ſaw;
France thought of *Buda*, CÆSAR of *Landau*.

Young CHARLES on *Barcelona* looks ſecure;
And Penſive LOUIS ſtartles at *Namure*.

While thus in artful Numbers they record
The flagrant Actions of *Britannia's* Lord;
Imperial *Thetis*, *Sea-Nymphs* by her ſide,
Array'd in all her Pomp and watry Pride,
Does to the Gilded Barge in Haſte reſort,
To ſee the Favourite of her Sovereign's Court.
Nicely ſhe view'd, and cry'd, with anxious Joy,
Such was my Son, before the Walls of Troy:
His Aſpect ſuch, and ſuch his Comely Mien,
The Decent Charms in every Action ſeen,
That Lofty Stature, that Majeſtick Brow,
Much of my Lov'd, my Loſt Achilles *ſhow.*

The Goddeſs ſpoke; and gently glides before,
To ſmooth his Paſſage to his Native Shore.
Where ſtood the Conſort of his Nuptial Bed,
Adorn'd with Diamonds, and in Purple clad;
Prepar'd the Warriour's feeling Breaſt to move,
To ſooth her *Mars*, and melt him into Love.

There

There too Bright SUNDERLAND Tranſcendant ſhone,
The Morning-Star proclaim'd th' arriving Sun;
She ſmil'd with Blooming Sweetneſs in her Face;
And ſoftned every Charm with Modeſt Grace.
The Valiant *Trojan*, as the Antients ſung,
ÆNEAS from the Stock of Beauty ſprung;
But here, Revers'd, the Order chang'd its Courſe,
And *Beauty* is deriv'd from *Valour*'s Source.
Like her Great Father, She triumphant ſways,
But different Ends obtains by different Ways;
His Sword oppreſs'd and injur'd Nations ſaves;
Her Conquering Eyes make Freeborn Subjects Slaves.
The *Nymphs* and *Tritons*, with Reſpectful Awe,
Admir'd her Form, and vow'd they never ſaw,
So exquiſitely Fair, ſo Bright a Dame,
Since from the Sea the *Paphian Goddeſs* came.

The Heroe landed, and the tuneful Train
Retreating to their Watry Beds again:
Britannia's Genius, who by JOVE's Commands,
Waits on Her Councils, and Her Arms attends;

Whoſe Province 'tis to cover with his Shield,
ANNE in the Throne, and CHURCHILL in the Field;
At Home, to Bridle Faction is his Care,
Abroad, to turn aſide the Poin'ted Spear.
He came; his Right Hand bore the *Union-Croſs*,
The Northern *Thiſtle* leaguing with the *Roſe*.
His decent Left advanc'd an *Olive* Bow,
Succeſsful *Omen*, and deſign'd to ſhow,
That Mutual Concord proves the beſt Increaſe,
And *Union* but a Prelude is to *Peace*.
He bow'd; the Conquerour lowly he addreſs'd,
And theſe Prophetick Words with Joy expreſs'd:

Great Prince, for whom my Cares I hourly prove,
(Such Heaven's Appointment, and the Will of Jove*)*
'Tis I that drive the fiery Bolts away;
'Twas I that ſav'd thee in Ramillia's *Day.*
Yet, yet a little, and the toilſome Cares,
The fell Diſorder and Fatigue of Wars,
Through ANNA's *Councils, and thy Arms ſhall ceaſe,*
And bleſs the Weſtern World with Solid Peace.

Slaughters

Slaughters and Ravages ſhall be no more;
But Plenty ſpring where Fury rag'd before.
PALLAS, *her dreadful* Ægis *laid aſide,*
Shall o'er the happier Arts of Peace preſide,
To her delightful Athens *ſhall repair,*
And plant the Civic Oak *and* Olive *there.*
And tho' bleak Envy, with her tainted Breath,
May ſtrive to Blaſt the greeneſt nobleſt Wreath;
Who on NASSAU *himſelf her Venom ſhed,*
Traduc'd his Actions, and his Fame betray'd.
Yet future Times ſhall call thy Merits forth,
In comely Order, and adore thy Worth;
And every Riſing Bard the Man ſhall tell,
By whom the Tyrant and Oppreſſor fell.

He ſpoke; and by his ſide Triumphant rode,
For every Heroe has his Guardian God.

FINIS.